

It's Been a Stressful Day

by VanityPimples

Category: Hamatora/Hamatora

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Art, Nice

Pairings: Art/Nice

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-03-23 23:34:09

Updated: 2014-03-23 23:34:09

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:53:35

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 831

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Maybe Art should try to stay longer at his police station since he's only just been assigned but, today, Art just wants to have a relaxing dinner with Nice. (Set before series begins)

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**Pairing: **NiceArt (implied)

**Rating: **T

Warnings: Creative interpretation of police coursework

Disclaimer: Don't own.

**Wordcount: **718

Notes:

KÅ•ban = "small neighborhood police station found in Japan" from wiki

Inspiration came from fabelyn's post concerning the Hamatora timeline.

* * *

><p>The kÅ•ban that Art has been assigned to is not sleek, or fancy, or full of artful windows. It is two stories, with a rickety staircase whose fifth step from the top will cry like a particularly disturbed cat with any pressure. The heating system is prone to long, periodic occupational retreats and the insulation, despite the way the walls are capable of swallowing sound whole, is as good as a wet sheet in a category five hurricane.</p>

Today Art has attended to fifty cases of lost items (twelve phone calls to notify owners that their lost items were found, twenty lost items handed in, seventeen newly lost items, a fight over a necklace that dissolved into an anguished confession of love that left Art awkward and confused, and a molding mass that looked and smelled like the end result of three pounds of dried lima beans and explosive diarrhea inched into the far left metal trashcan with heavy, plastic gloves and a medical mask) fifteen crime reports, three love notes, and several grammatical errors. Tonight, Art will face a coursework hydra, conquer a solid ten cups of coffee (taken: 1% coffee, 10% cream, 77% sugar, 12% tears of desperation), and sleep a healthy zero hours. As per usual.

Art's stomach clenches at the thought. His head pounds an emphatic agreement. Art just presses the heel of his palms to his eyes and tries to think of more pleasant things like, "I haven't seen Nice in a while." Art frowns. That was not a pleasant thought. Unfortunately, however, it was true.

The last time the two of them had seen each other â€“ not just heard each other over the phone â€“ was a month and several days ago â€“ before Art completed his basic training.

Art glances around at his fellow officers, already glassy-eyed, and surreptitiously turns on his cellphone and spies the time.

6:31 P.M.

His shift has already ended. Involuntarily, Art feels the corners of his lips pull into a tiny smile. Sagged shoulders straighten slightly, and the throbbing of his head and aching of his muscles ease just that tiny bit. Usually, Art would stay longer. He would clean up his station (further), help with any left-over work, something. But, todayâ€!

He wonders if Nice would want to have dinner with him tonight.

As Art straightens out the rare, out-of-place paper and exchanges his goodbyes with the other officers in the kÅ•ban, Art reasons that he could push his monstrous coursework off just a bit. Relaxation, he has heard, helps productivity.

So, Art calls.

Three rings and, "Art?"

"Nice, how are you?"

They talk for a bit, laugh for a bit, and when Art asks if Nice would like to have dinner at his place, Nice answers, "I have to finish a

case, but I should be able to come at ten."

Nice sounds like he's smiling. Well, that's fine. Art is smiling too.

Hanging up the phone, Art wonders what he should cook. As he climbs down the steps, Art wonders if he should buy take-out instead. On the second step, he mentally nixes that idea. On the fourth step, Art comes to the decision that he will cook something simple. But, he thinks, I'll stop by the bakery to see if there are any cakes the two of us would enjoy.

It's on the fifth step down â€“ rickety, creaking, screaming like a startled (dying) cat â€“ that his foot gets caughtâ€|

He slips â€“

Falls â€“

The sound of a __**snapping**__ neck â€“

* * *

><p>Art opens his eyes and yawns. Tired and weary and bone ragged, Art pulls himself up from the floor and winces at the crick in his neck. Peering up at the staircase, Art reasons that he must have fainted from overwork. I must have been lower on the stairs than I thought, Art thinks. "At least," he says wryly, "I didn't break my neck."

He turns on the phone. "Thirty minutes have past already?" I really should have slept more this pastâ€| month. Art nibbles his bottom lip. "There's still a lot of time, though. I'll stop by the bakery then take a shower. I think Nice will like the dinner I have in mind."

Nodding to himself, Art smiles and walks on.

* * *

><p>(Three minutes prior, unrecorded, police officer Art was dead of a fractured neck.)

* * *

><p>AN:<p>

(Ahahaha, what is formatting. ;-;)

(Just a little drabble, but I hope that you liked it.)

End
file.